

Trout Season

WAR CHANGES BASS METHODS UP-STATE

In Waters of Croton Watershed Large Plugs Essential to Use Now.

LIGHT ONES WON'T REACH

By PLUG UGLY.

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ORLEY C. TUTTLE (LEFT) AND DEAN OF FULTON CHAIN ANGLERS, AND THE PICK OF A MESS OF BLUE BASS CAUGHT BY MOONLIGHT WITH HIS DEVIL BUG, THE FLY IN THE CENTER OF THE BOARD. A G. HILDBRAND OF SYRACUSE, (RIGHT)

Are You Game for Fight With Shark Antagonist?

No Reason to Hold the Species in Contempt—Sometimes Gruelling Work Until Unconditional Surrender—Struggles Until "All In."

By T. HERMAN BEHINGER.

What surf fisherman has not had his reveries rudely dispersed by the enervating appearance of one or more sharks, lolling along in the undertow, favoring him with malevolent glances out of eyes that are the embodiment of sinister devilishness?

My reel was like a live coal, and while the shark was creeping and shivering to pass along his spine—not with such a hot sun broiling down upon his back.

More likely it is the working of inherent forces over which he has no control; or perhaps he is thinking of that plunge he took only that morning, swimming in the undertow, when a shark, armed with a flash, and from then on pressing my flesh "bunker" as bait, his reveries were interrupted by a most hot stove would have been just as enjoyable.

His idea of what occurs in the next instant is rather vague, but he remembers seeing a dark form hurtle into view, to disappear with a delectable beneath the surface, headed straight for him.

Then, if his leader be of gut he experiences a sudden relaxation of his line, and reeling in, discovers that his leader has been clearly cut, whereupon he casts a thousand maledictions upon sharks in general and that fast fleeing shark in particular.

The slightest relaxation on the part of the shark at the end of the line was the signal for me to fight like mad. Short irresistible plunges still straight to sea now followed, each one tearing off twenty or thirty feet of coiled line, and my nerves and thoughts were entirely stumped.

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Working to the north with every muscle aching and quivering from the strain, my friend the enemy was at last brought to the surface, and with the shore. His movements, however, were not so swift as formerly, but he proceeded forward with a power that commanded respect and was well nigh irresistible.

Keeping abreast of him and fighting frantically at every step we proceeded until they settled in the hole and charnel house usually exist. It was to such a spot one fine July morning that several kindred spirits, myself among them, sallied forth to play a shark, armed with the average surf fisherman's weapons, namely, fifteen ounce rods, two ounce reels and about 800 feet of new twelve thread line.

The shark fisherman utilizes piano wire in two foot lengths as leaders, two lengths connected by a barrel swivel in the center, and an eyed, hand forged hook (from 2 degrees up) at one end, being the proper arrangement.

Arrived at the battle front we fasten, with white cotton thread, about one-half of a menhaden (mossbunker) to our hooks.

OBSERVING GAME LAWS SLOW GROWTH

Few Still Ignore Enlightened Conception of Present Day Ideas.

OLD CHANNELS FOLLOWED

The story printed in *The Sun* last Monday of a "sport" paying \$100 penalty for killing a doe deer in Cranberry Lake one night recently is a matter for reflection for those who go into the woods to find an old hunter to a *SUN* man yesterday.

"I have fished and hunted all through that region," I know the guide well. He is one of the old time guides, and he has been known to that wonderful Adirondack region. But of course guiding was business, and the joy that would have been yours and mine he could never have known. Notwithstanding this, the guide is not a bad fellow, but he has clung to the old ways, and he is an individual of game—a belief which held that fish and birds and animals might be taken as one saw fit, ignoring the enlightened conception of the present day.

"I saw the same attitude displayed only the other day in a conversation I had with a game warden. He considered the Federal control of wild fowl an oppression and showed his defiance by announcing that he still hunts in the spring—as his grandfathers did before him.

"Here's a matter for consideration—the cases of the Barnegat and of the Cranberry Lake guides. Their mental workings are alike; they cling to old channels which have seemed good to them and which they still desire to follow, for the course leads to some slight financial return, risky though the passage may be. They have not advanced with the rest of us, who, shown the error of our ways, desire to be law abiding and decent citizens.

"The sorry part of it is that alleged sportsman of the type of this man who killed a doe deer in summer in Cranberry Lake,